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# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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To Write or Not to Write  
PRIZE WINNING PARODY ON HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY PRINTED IN LONDON.

The London Bookman for August publishes the prize winner in its competition for a parody on Hamlet's soliloquy applicable to literary life. Henry B. Wilkes, who won the award, may, in this instance at any rate, give the affirmative answer to his parody. "To write or not to write?"

To write or not to write, that is the question. Whether 'tis wiser in the mind to stifle The wit of wit, the wisdom of a Plato, Or to take pen, the gray goose-quill of Grub-Street, Through space and time to wing them. No more; and by a sonnet, say, to win The meed of fame, the thousand jingling guineas That fame is heir to; 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To write, to print; To print, perchance to sell; ay, there's the rub! For to our hopes what cheeks, not cheeks may come, When we have yielded our immortal scripts Must give us pause; there's the mischance. That maketh hash of all our fondest scheme. For who would bear the sweat and ache of brain, The scrivener's cramp, the attic's penury, The post's expense, the editorial thanks, The Philistine's contumely, and the ills That sort of genius of the cold world takes. When he himself might his own living make With a plain sovel? Who would critics bear, To gail and wince under their loaded knouts, At that the hope of glory after toil, The gilded mountain peak of fame to which All travelers aspire, divides the mind. And make us spurn the valley, low and safe, To scale the craggy heights we know not of? Ambition thus makes scribbles of us all. And thus the ruddy life of country folks Is jaunted over with the fogs of town. And shilling shockers, thick as dews, With his regard on censors' lawn are — To win the name of author. Soft you now! My Lord Hamlet! Sir, in thy spring lists Be all my works recorded.

WHEN THE FOLLOWER WAS A LEADER

Celia and Mary were putting on their velveteen hats and heavy red sweaters. They were not twins, just roommates; but when Celia had come back from Christmas vacation with her soft red hat that no one else could mould into such interesting and becoming shapes, Mary had asked her father for one just like it. It was a perfectly glorious day for a tramp; the month was early March the day brisk and sunny, the ground frozen, yet ready to thaw under the jolly warmth of the sun. "Think of Latin prose's being done for tomorrow before three o'clock to-day! We can stay three whole hours. That gives us ten minutes to dress for dinner when we come in." "I don't see what you need ten minutes for, with no hair to fix. You just have to change your clothes." Celia looked enviously at Mary's short, curly hair-cut in consequence of recent illness. "Well, I'll have to allow time probably for finding one of your slippers or your barrette or something. Ever since my hair was cut I've had to do everything for everybody in the hall. Even that new fat girl asked me to turn on her bath water for her to-day." "It's the last whole afternoon I'll have for a long time, Mary," sighed Celia. "We begin rehearsals tomorrow for junior, I'll be busy enough then." "The 'junior,' or the junior play, was one of the big events at Buck School, and to be one of the cast was an honor. Celia had been chosen for the star part that year. Mary had tried for several minor parts and was included in the cast as the little housemaid. "But it's wonderful you have the part, Celia. Mine's so little that I almost know it now; so I'll help you learn yours. Do you know, Celia, I feel as if that just showed the difference between you and me—that you have the leading part and that I am the little maid. And there's Lydia in the other main girl's part, and Edward in the man's part. If there is anything to show a chance for leadership, there are a half dozen that are always the chosen ones. The rest of us are always trying to do our best, but somehow never get there. Here's myself, for instance; and I'm just like most of us here at school—" "Indeed you are not!" broke in Celia indignantly. "I don't know what you are talking about, but there isn't a soul like you in school!" "I mean just this: I'm not so good in basket ball as Moll Rich-

ards, though I'm on the team; and I'm not so good in French or English as Lydia, or you, for that matter; and I'm not on the debating team; and I've never been president of any of the clubs or classes; and I'm not a star actress. I'm always on a lot of committees, and I don't flunk any exams—but, my, how I sometimes wish I were among the leaders, the ones who do something that no one else can do quite so well!" "But, Mary," exclaimed Celia in distress, "there's no one here who is in so many things as you, and you always know what to suggest and the best way to do everything! And all the girls who have missed classes or haven't understood their lessons come to you, because you could explain calculus to a cow. I just don't see what you are talking about." "You must know exactly what I mean. It's because we are friends that you don't see me so honestly as I have painted myself. But I didn't mean to be such an egotist. It's just that school always seems to be divided into the leaders and the ones that are led, and I'd give this red hat to find myself a leader." Celia was sure that there was an answer to Mary's argument, but that she was too young to know what it was or to express it. So she said: "I know you are taking like a teapot, Mary Murray, and that you haven't said anything with any sense to it; but I'm no debater, either, so I don't know how to argue the point. There's one thing I do know, though, and that is that you do more in twenty-four hours than any boy or girl here, and I won't have you talking that way about yourself any more." After cutting across several fields and climbing numerous fences, the girls now struck the main road for home. Their three hours were nearly up. Then Celia declared that she was consumed with thirst. "Let's go to the cottage down this little lane and ask for some water, Mary. Isn't it a sweet little lane? I'd like to see the house, anyway; and we are still quite far from school, and I'm so thirsty." They followed the grassy path to a whitewashed gate that stood unlatched. In the side yard was a pump with a dripping dipper that looked most most inviting to the two thirsty girls. "We must ask," said Mary, "but I can hardly wait. Some one has just had a drink, so some one must be at home." A girl about their age answered their knock. A bulky apron was tied over her dress, and her sleeves were rolled up. She stood uncertainly on the threshold. Her quiet face was shy, young, and set in a patient repose beyond her years. Mary broke the brief silence. "Will you ask your mother if we may have a drink, please? We have been on a long walk and are so thirsty." "I'll fetch you a glass," said the girl, and disappeared. "Did your mother mind?" asked Celia, when she returned. "You look busy; we are sorry to disturb you." "My mother died not long ago, and I keep house for my father and sister and brother," said the girl, pumping the water until it ran cold. "But how do you know how to keep house? And you can't go to school, can you?" asked Celia in wonder. "No; I always helped a lot because my mother was sick, and I am the oldest; so I was only in the fifth grade when left. But I guess I'll never go any more now. I was getting my father's supper when you came. That's why I don't look very nice and have an apron on." "But I wish you could go to school like us," said Celia. "Your apron doesn't matter, and I think you are wonderful to be able to cook your father's supper and to take care of the children." Mary had said nothing. She had looked from the girl's thick brown curls to her pale, worried face, and thought how much better it would seem to have her in their hall at school laughing, studying, and playing with girls of her own age. The two friends said little on the rest of the homeward way. Celia had started to talk, but Mary had said that her mind was "thick with thoughts," and that she felt funny

and quiet since they had got the drink, refreshing though it was. While they were dressing they talked through the transom with their neighbors in the adjoining room. "I bet you two sports forgot that composition for Miss Stirling when you went off all afternoon on your hike. It's due the day after tomorrow at 9 A. M., and I've just taken a census and found that not one girl on our floor has begun hers or has any idea what she is going to write about." "We had not forgotten it," said Mary. "We were just trying to forget it by drowning our sorrows in walking. What on earth are you going to write about? Do you remember that Miss Stirling said that she expected the compositions to be particularly good, because she was letting us choose our own subjects?" The bell rang, and there were the usual scramble and calls for help in fastening buttons, tying ribbons and finding handkerchiefs. "I guess I'm going crazy, but I just feel like writing my comp. to-night," said Mary at the table. "I'm going to do it right after supper." "Will you listen to that?" said Celia as one of the boys offered Mary water, remarking that she must be in a raging fever. "Will you listen to Mary, saying she wants to write a comp! And she was trying to tell me this afternoon that there was nothing extraordinary about her! She certainly put up a very poor argument then, and now she is proving that she is the one only person who has ever felt like writing a comp. with fifty lines of Virgil and about a hundred problems in college algebra and two or three centuries of ancient history to do!" "And I bet," said Mary, "that everyone at the table thinks as I do about what we were talking about this afternoon. You all know what I mean, about not doing anything here to get your name in our Westminster Abbey. I, for instance, so often wish I could, but instead of being a star I'm just a little—" "Just a little thousand-candle-power chandelier," said one of the boys mockingly. "Just a little glowworm, singing its modest little what-you-call-'em in the shelter of the thingamabob," added Edward. "Oh, you Mary!" "I think you are horrid," said Mary, laughing, "to make fun of my observations like that; and I know that every one of you wish that you were leaders like our Lyd and Tom and Celia here." "Not I," said Edward solemnly. "I'd rather be right than president, even of the senior class." "And I—I'm only a little unimportant spoke in the great wheel; but you heard me when I spoke, didn't you?" asked Bob modestly. "But none of you can argue the point with me," observed Mary; "you just make brilliant remarks about it." "I can't argue it," said Edward more seriously, "but I know that we cannot judge who the real leaders are, and I know that there is a missing link in your argument somewhere." "Well, this all started by Mary's saying she wanted to write her comp. What's it to be on, Mary? May be I can use the same subject," said Dan Carver. "Oh, I can't tell you what it will be about," said Mary; "but I'm going to finish it tonight and do my other lessons 'as it were.' Studying lessons 'as it were,' was an expression borrowed from the French teacher, who was in the habit of telling his classes to study one particular paragraph of the lesson, but just to read the other paragraphs and look them over, 'as it were.'" The compositions that Miss Stirling had told her pupils to write were of more importance than they realized, not only for their terms but for her estimate of the capabilities of the boys and girls in her classes. She had told them to write about something they really cared for. She hoped that she would get some original, interesting papers, from his pupils, who often wrote mechanically for her on the subjects that she suggested to them. Among the better writers was Celia, who had a lucid, finely balanced mind, and whose work in every subject was careful and accurate, yet done with a graceful ease. It was as if she could say, "My

lessons are all well done, but I have time to play hockey and basket ball and to rehearse for dramatics, or just to sit and talk and eat pickles with my friends." Mary's work, on the other hand, was sometimes almost brilliant and sometimes almost poor. She never failed, but often got lower marks than the general run of her work would make anyone expect. Miss Stirling was pleased with Celia's paper, an artistic description of a room the furnishings of which revealed the character of the owner. She gave it the first "A" that she had bestowed and added a word of praise. Then Miss Stirling read Mary's paper through. She laid the last page with the others and, dropping her hands into her lap, gave herself up to the vivid picture that more clearly than the beautiful, colorful Correggio that her lamp illuminated grew and unfolded itself before her. Presently she took up the paper again. How vividly, how poignantly, the child had written of that other child, the girl of her own age who could not go to school because she had to keep house for her father and take care of her younger brother and sister! Mary had seen, for the first time—seen in the white light of a first impression—the misuse of another child's youth, the contrast between her own privileges of study, play and companionship and the unnatural loneliness and toil of the little mother who was still so much in need of being mothered herself. Miss Stirling did not grade Mary's paper. She sat in deep thought for a time and then finished correcting her papers. Mary's story had made her forget her former lassitude. There was a light tap at her door. "Miss Stirling," said Celia, "I just wanted to ask you a question if you do not mind." "Certainly I do not, Celia. Sit down. What is it?" "I don't know just how to put it, but, Miss Stirling, I think Mary has been hurt or something, maybe about the junior or her algebra exam. She nearly flunked it. Anyway, she was talking today about not doing anything here—I mean like being captain on a team or a class president or a grade A student. I didn't know what to say, though I know she was wrong in feeling that she's not so fine as the girls and boys who get the honors here. Isn't Mary just as important to the school as anyone? It is hard to tell you just what I mean." "I know what you mean, I think," replied Miss Stirling; "and I know it is hard to argue against such an idea that so many of you girls and boys get when you are not the officeholders. But, my dear, the fallacy—the mistake—that is in Mary's argument, is this: leadership in your little school world does not necessarily mean leadership in the big world you will all be a part of outside. Some girls are slower in their development than others; some are not so perfectly fitted into the life of a school as others, and the fact that they are not so fitted means that they are above the average as often as it means they are below. Moreover, you who choose your leaders are still very young and often you make mistakes in those you choose, from the point of view of older minds." "Then you mean that Mary is a leader in some way that isn't so easy to see as Lydia's way is, for example?" "I mean that she may be, at any rate, and that she is of importance because of what she does now." "Miss Stirling thought a moment. "Tomorrow in the English class I'll give you and Mary and all of you a better example of what I mean than I can by explaining to you so abstractly." "In class?" questioned Celia. "Yes. You weren't thinking of cutting, were you, Celia?" asked Miss Stirling with great gravity. Celia was not given to "cutting" in any class and would have gone to Miss Stirling's class, she had confided to her friends, "if she had to be taken in an ambulance." Celia laughed. "Not to-morrow, Miss Stirling." Just before the English class on the following day Mary confided to Celia that she had chills all up and down her spine about her theme. "I'm afraid Miss Stirling has had

time to correct them. I thought mine was all right when I handed it in, but I know she thought it was awful. I wrote it so sort of furiously and hardly changed a word when I copied it." "She has corrected them, I think, because she had them right by her side when I stopped in a minute to see her last night. There she is with them in her hand. Oh, my goodness! I love Friday theme reading and the way Miss Stirling talks to us, but it certainly makes you jumpy." When the class had assembled Miss Stirling waited for perfect quiet and then began to read one of the papers. There were the usual wonder whose it was, and then the class settled down to listen, for they knew they would be called upon to criticize the paper. Mary's heart was beating, and her cheeks grew hot. Miss Stirling had never before read one of her themes in class. As Miss Stirling read there was something in her voice that made the sentences sound better than anything Mary felt she could have written. Sometimes when Miss Stirling read poetry, which she loved, the class grew quiet and a little tense; Mary was conscious of the same intensity of interest and wondered at it and listened to her own work as if it were something fine that Miss Stirling herself might have written. When the teacher had finished reading she laid down the paper and, looking over her class, searched the faces before her. One of the girls put up her hand. Miss Stirling nodded. "That's the best composition I ever heard!" the girl exclaimed impulsively, as if she were glad to find relief in speech. "It's written naturally, as if it had been done without any effort, and yet every word in it is just right. If that is a real girl in the story, I'd give half of my year here to let her come. That's the way the story makes me feel." Miss Stirling nodded her approval. "Mary Murray wrote it," she said. "A story like that shows a sympathetic understanding of people, an insight into other lives, that is a rare, lovely gift. Last night, after I read the story, I thought that there might be something that we at school could do about this little girl. She is real and lives not so very far from the school, and her story is just as Mary has told it." She paused. "Sometimes we get into ruts in school," she resumed, "and judge one another by very narrow standards; for example, we idolize our so-called school leaders, our athletic stars or our class officers. But if through one of the short themes that I give in your ordinary day's work our hearts are made so alive to another being that we are aroused to make an effort to help her, even to get her into school if it can be managed, isn't that just as fine a piece of work as anything any of our captains or our presidents ever did? Somehow it seemed ridiculous to grade Mary's paper. That one of you wrote such a paper is a credit to all schoolgirls." The boys started to applaud. Mary, with her wide, wondering eyes fixed on Miss Stirling, blushed and dropped her eyes as, with youthful energy, the whole class followed the lead of the boys. "I'll read from our book the rest of the period," said Miss Stirling, "and we shall take up the rest of your themes next time." That evening there was a floor banquet held in Mary's honor in the room of one of the girls, who had received a box from home. "Ladies and gentlemen—the gentlemen being absent," said the hostess, "I drink to the health of a rising social worker and a benefactor to the human race. Kindly pass me a sandwich to drink this health in." "And I drink to the health of a coming writer whose works shall be translated into sixteen languages so that everybody will have to study them in all the schools in the world," said another. "I move that we appoint a committee to consult with Miss Stirling about helping the girl Mary wrote about," said Celia, reaching for the olives. "I hope some one nominates me, so I'll have an excuse to go and see Miss Stirling." So plans were laid to assist that other girl who had come so unexpectedly into the lives of the girls

and boys at Buck School through the story that Mary had written about her.—Charlotte Fitchugh Morris in *Youth's Companion*.

## OSTEOMYELITIS

OSTEOMYELITIS is inflammation of bones—usually of the long bones of the legs and arms. It begins in the marrow or under the membrane that covers the bone and then invades the bony tissue itself. It may occur at any age and is almost twice as frequent in boys as in girls. It is likely to follow an injury. During the war it was very often found among the wounded. Like inflammation in general, the disease is caused by one of the pus-producing microbes, but it is not caused by a single germ, as typhoid fever is, for any one of the various bacteria that provoke inflammation may be responsible for it. Usually the first sign of osteomyelitis is pain in the limb. In acute cases the pain is agonizing; the patient shows the greatest apprehension if you so much as go near his bed. Soon the constitutional symptoms appear—chills, high fever, profuse sweating, loss of appetite, turned tongue and headache. The affected limb is swollen and soggy, but at the point where an abscess is gathering it feels hard and leathery. In less severe cases the pain is not so sharp, but resembles rather a chronic rheumatism or the ache of extreme fatigue. The treatment of osteomyelitis is entirely surgical, and the disease is so painful and so grave that you cannot bring the surgeon too promptly. But while the patient is waiting for him, you can relieve the pain a little by raising the affected leg so that the force of gravity by drawing the blood away may lessen the congestion. Hot applications may also afford some relief. It is usually the thigh that is affected, though the arms may also suffer. Since the inflammation is in the marrow of the bones or under the tough membrane, the only thing the surgeon can do is to cut down to the bone and open the cavity. The relief that the operation gives is often marvelous, and usually the inflammation subsides promptly.

## GREEN OLD AGE

Two delightful glimpses of vigorous and happy old people are given in *Days Before Yesterday* by Lord Frederic Hamilton. One glimpse is of Gladstone; the other is of Lord Frederic's mother, who lived well into her nineties, and who at the time of her death had no less than one hundred and sixty-nine direct living descendants—children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren. With all her descendants she kept in constant touch. At the age of eighty-six she was discovered perambulating the garden on stilts for the benefit of a tiny great-grand son who could not manage stilts and who had come to his great-grandmother for lessons. Surely such a spirited and athletic old lady deserves to rank in the annals of longevity with that famous Irish noblewoman, the Countess of Desmond, who

Lived to the age of a hundred and ten. And died from a fall from a cherry tree then!

Lord Frederic's recollections of Gladstone do not include any remarkable physical feats on his part; they merely convey a pleasant impression of the aged premier's vitality and undying youthfulness of spirit. In the house where he was staying a number of young people had gathered round the piano. Mr. Gladstone joined the group and asked if they would allow an old man to sing bass with them. He had still a resonant bass and read admirably. It was curious to see the prime minister reading from the same copy as the Eton boy of sixteen years who was singing alto. It was Sunday, and they went on singing hymns until nearly midnight; there was no getting Mr. Gladstone away. Mrs. Gladstone declared the next day that Mr. Gladstone had not for many months enjoyed himself so heartily.

## OREGON.

Great is the out-door life. A tourist at the municipal auto camp tells a reporter so. "We are sleeping under the stars and breathing the most invigorating air we have ever breathed—and it doesn't cost a cent. I'll tell you this out-door life is made a new man of me. The fresh air, the outdoor sleeping and the simple life generally, are the greatest health givers in the world." T. C. Mueller tried to demonstrate this truths and strike at his profiteering landlord too. He spread newspapers on the ground under the railroad bridge when it rained, or tried to rain, and on lumber piles when the stars shone. The city authorities agreed with T. C. M. that sleeping is great, but insisted he do it in the city cooler. It was secure at least. And the strike went on.

In the *Youth's Companion* of August 11th, is an article on the last reading page, "The Deaf Child." Every parent should read the article, for it explains the causes and probabilities of deafness in the child. Reading the article will help prevent and save many a child from ineffectual deafness.

In the same issue is a great article, "Vitamines," which will pay every one, old, near-old or young, to read carefully. Wise selection of foods rich in vitamins means better health, longer life, clearer mind, and more money in bank.

Standard Dictionary defines gossip as idle or familiar talk; groundless rumor; tattle; especially scandalous, half confidential, usually ill-founded, personal remarks about or criticism of, others. All talk by your enemy is gossip. All talk by yourself is news. These paragraphs are gossip or news according to your inclination.

Be sure your taxes are paid. Oregon imposes a penalty for delinquency, and sells certificates of delinquent taxes which are redeemable before a certain period at 12 per cent additional. Be sure your receipts are all right.

The Mt. Tabor picnic was attended by about fifty. The low rates by boat, railroad and auto, to the coast, the airplane stunts and pyrotechnic display at Columbia Beach drew many away.

Changing from Arkansas by way of San Francisco, a baker, is loading in Portland. Years ago, a Springfield, O., mute wrote to the *Ohio Chronicle* that I was loafing at home. A country mute informed me he had read I was making loaves of bread. He made a mistake then, but I do not now.

W. F. Schneider—Where is he? What is he doing? How is he? Why does not Los Angeles enlighten Portland? We all miss W. F. S.

J. O. R. is married really and truly. He has a wife and two kids, one canary, a yard full of spring chickens of the frying kind, and wants Georgia to know it. The Reichles are camping out in two tents in the back yard, while their house is being raised, altered, repaired and painted. They will not get into the house probably before November. They envy the auto campers only their traveling.

Cortland Greenwald is picking pears at thirty-five cents per hour in Yakima. But he is homesick for Portland.

K. E. E. Johnson picks pears at Yakima for \$1.00 per day and his "keep."

W. S. Hunter and family have moved on the farm for the grape season. They will make more than they did before.

Prof. Thos. P. Clarke is making ready his house opposite the School entrance for occupancy.

Ed. Spieler may build a house for his brother, Rudy, in Portland. House building is on the boom.

Ralph Pickett, laid off by the Western Coöperage for frequent absences, has got a job at the Albers flour mills.

Louis R. Divine, son of L. A., is back in Vancouver from Arkansas. Mabel Marin Divine will come back later.

THEO C. MUELLER.  
Sept. 11, 1921.

A bread fruit tree produces two or three crops in a year.



THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W 162d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published, it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
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"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Not so very long ago, we took occasion to comment upon the so-called "faith cure" fanatics, who profess to be able to restore lost hearing by incantations and fervid exhortations.

They are still at it, but no word has come from the various sections that they have invaded of any deaf person being miraculously enabled to hear.

Medical science is the one and only hope for people whose hearing is defective. And it is to the medical profession that we would recommend all deaf people to apply. There is danger from quacks and fakirs. They often prescribe "remedies" that inflict permanent harm.

One man, who is said to be a doctor, asserts that deafness may be cured "by reconstruction of the eustachian tubes." At least, that is how the newspapers put it. This sounds like the claims of certain chiropractors;—which other chiropractors repudiate. Probably it has reference to that particular kind of deafness which is known as "hard of hearing," and which is sometimes caused by an inflammatory condition of the eustachian tubes, or obstructions of the inner ear. Specialists of the ear are the best professional men to consult in such cases.

It is more than likely that some cases of deafness will yield to professional treatment. But when reputable physicians or specialists hold out no hope of restoring hearing, it is folly to go to fakirs or "faith healers."

There are instances where hearing has been restored by sudden shock. But that does not indicate that sudden shock will cure deafness. And it is almost certain that in each case of cure by shock, the deafness was caused by shock in the first place. No such cure has ever been recorded among those who lost their hearing by fevers and such like sickness, nor of those who are what is called congenitally deaf.

A bolt of lightning that struck near her home restored the hearing of a woman last July. She lives in Lynn, Mass., and became deaf from nervous breakdown.

Last summer, it was reported that two deaf boys, each aged about fourteen years, became able to hear after a serve thunderstorm. This has not been authenticated, though it is said to have occurred near Cincinnati, O.

A similar case is that of an ex-soldier, whose voice had been lost through shell shock. His voice came back during a thunderstorm.

Another man (and probably two men) recovered the sense of hearing after going up in an airplane.

These are a few cases that the newspapers have lately exploited, until finally a certain part of the public began to look upon them as methods of worth in restoring hear-

ing to the deaf and speech to the dumb.

The readers of this paper may take it for granted that going up in an airplane, staying out in a thunderstorm, being close to where a bolt of lightning strikes, or having their eustachian tubes manipulated, are not cures for deafness any more than the prayers of the faith healers.

Don't spend money in having experiments made on your ears by fakirs and quack doctors. Go only to reputable medical practitioners and take their advice.

## CHICAGO.

Walter Sutka, "Silent Olson" the light-heavyweight professional wrestler, passed through on the 17th en route for Detroit, to meet Bill Demetral. Following that he is booked for a middleweight (titular) tournament in Texas (he claims he can reduce to the 158 pound limit); matches with Santell in California; bouts in Seattle; and so on back to Chicago.

Olson was on the shelf for some time this summer blood poisoning. This is one of the great dreads of wrestlers. Little pieces of skin get rubbed off by friction, as one scrapes along the mat which hundreds of other wrestlers have sweated on. Like a file. One does not always properly disinfect all these little skin-scrapes with alcohol afterwards (and alcohol is hard to get these days) and soon one of the many tiny scratches on that monumental mass of muscle develops into a raw, red soreness, that puts one out of commission for weeks—if not properly petted results in the loss of a limb on the operating table.

"Silent Olson" stated he had been embarrassed when friends in the West twitted him on his supposed misconduct in Chicago, which resulted in having him "barred" from membership in the Silent Athletic Club, as recounted in the JOURNAL. This misconception has been brought to attention before, and night as well be explained right now. Sutka—whatever his reputation in other cities, at least lived straight here in Chicago. He took particular care to, and it is only square sportsmanship to a good sportsman to say so. His application for membership in the Sac was unanimously voted in—with the provision it be changed from "Silent Olson" to read: "William Walter Sutka, better known as 'Silent Olson,'" on the ground that some legal question might come up years from now to prevent him enjoying some of the special privileges the old members expect to have when the club house is paid for.

As stated, Sutka was unanimously admitted to membership. However, President Sullivan played a joke on the burly neophyte; called him in from outside, stood him up for all to see, and sorrowfully told him the members voted to reject his application. He took the blow like a gentleman and a sportsman, smiling ruefully and making a palm wave as if to signify it did not matter. "Haven't you anything to say?" Sally queried, hoping to provoke the lumbering human bathelship into some typical retort. Instead Sutka merely made motions translatable as signifying "I bow to the will of the majority." He was then apprised of the joke.

This was real news—if "news" means something that never happened before, and would interest silent everywhere. So I ran it. Acting on the theory that "brevity is the soul of wit," I boiled it down to the fewest possible words. Too few. So few that the point of the joke was lost on nearly all except those who saw it. Which caused embarrassment to a man who did not deserve it. The JOURNAL strives for accuracy and fairness at all times: when such undeniable injustice as the Sutka example comes up, the JOURNAL will try to "square things." For, getting news items from hundreds of silents, it is no more possible to get things a-x-a-e-t every time, than it is for "Babe" Ruth to make a home run every time he comes to bat. If you don't believe it, try it yourself.

"Dummy Jordan's" plea that he did not know he was beating up a policeman in that famous West Side riot, as detailed in scare-heads in the papers and recounted in this JOURNAL, impressed the justice as reasonable when the case came to trial, and he was accordingly dismissed from custody. The court ruled, however, that "Jordan," or Hertzberg, must pay \$68 for a new outfit for officer Rooney—which is no inconsiderable amount considering Hertzberg has been out of work for a long time.

Rooney, in plain clothes, arrested a man for hitting one of the Catholic Missionaries in the heart of the Jewish zone, and pulled his revolver to awe the crowd. Hertzberg, being deaf, did not hear the officer's warning of his authority, and seeing the gun jumped in to avert what he thought was murder. Took away the policeman's gun and tried to shoot the cop when he resisted, ending by beating him cruelly and tearing the clothes from his back. It took two patrol wagon-loads of husky cops to quell the riot "Jordan" thus mistakenly started.

"Jordan" is widely known in Silent Circle as the middleweight prize-fighter, who gave Classen of Akron such a terrific ten-round battle in Chicago's "Fraternal."

Arnold Kiene, formerly a wealthy Los Angeles businessman, in which capacity he was of considerable assistance to the N. A. D. Impostor Bureau, is about to discard his crutches.

September 1st, he was knocked down by a horse attached to a Daily News delivery wagon and tramped on—one glancing blow of the horse's hoofs grazing his nose and breaking his glass es—but the only real damage being to his left leg. The fact the horse wore rubber horseshoes saved him from lasting injury. As it was, Kiene was confined to his room in the New Gault Hotel for weeks.

Moral: If employees of a big corporation hurt you, let the corporation heads know. They will have an expert physician give you every advantage, where the ordinary hospital doctor—generally a young "learner"—may send you out with a life-long weakness.

The News had its own expert specialist attend to the injuries (temporary disablement costs big corporations less than permanent ones) and will at least pay expenses of Kiene's mishap.

Kiene has been in town for some time trying to put over a big deal in coal lands with local capitalists. As the aggregate runs well over a hundred thousand, Kiene's brokerage commission, if he carries the deal to culmination, will be considerable.

"You never can tell," Chicago-dom was not enthusiastic over the appointment of Charles Sharpnack as chairman of the annual Home Fund picnic; did not regard Charlie as having sufficient "pep" or "go-gettism." But he surprised 'em.

He secured innumerable donations from big local establishments—such as a couple of handsome ladies' umbrellas, a \$10 pearl-necklace, and ten \$2.50 purses; picked the best park in town; and in other ways made it a jim-dandy success, both financially and from a point of good cheer. Hand it to Charlie. He surprised 'em!

Grand President Harry C. Anderson, Indianapolis, was here to attend the regular Executive Board meeting of the N. F. S. D.

Charles Dunn, out of work several months, partly due to the operation he underwent last winter, built a bungalow in Elmwood, a suburb, and moved his family into it.

Mrs. Joe Miller is back from a two months' visit to her mother in Cherry Grove, Minn.

Mrs. Nelson Olson (Latie Higgins) is much better from the three weeks she spent in the mud baths at Waukesha, Wis. The Olsons are now living with Mrs. Laura Brasher.

There is little hope for the recovery of the sight of Mrs. Ansel Smith (Annie Conrad), of Grant Park, who is undergoing treatment at Kankakee Hospital.

Charles B. Ekman's mother died September 15th.

J. R. Sterling, a farmer of Soudalia, Mo., has been working in the Wilson & Co. stock yards.

Mrs. G. F. Flick, wife of the popular pastor of All Angels', is visiting her parental home in Baltimore, and expects to be gone two months.

The son of Charles J. Lundy—one of the hard-of-hearing regulars at All Angels', has been given a year's scholarship, all expenses paid at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in Pittsburgh, by the local Franklin Typothetae.

William F. Jones has been appointed an architectural draftsman on the Chicago Board of Education.

Mrs. Sterling (Rosa Dunbar) has an eleven-months old daughter in California, her old friends hear.

The Pas-a-Pas club had ten tables at its lunco party September 17, while All Angels' had two tables of lunco and six of whist.

C. Murday, who recently sold his farm down State for the reported sum of \$57,000, has decided to make his home in Chicago—at least temporarily. He is looking for a strictly high-class apartment house, preferably on the North Side, but no other forms of investment appeal to him—as several slick schemers have learned to their chagrin.

Mrs. Fred Stephens invited a few real "old timers" to her home on the 15th, to an "old timer's party" in honor of C. C. Codman.

William White spent his week's vacation on the road, stopping off at fifteen cities, winding up with St. Louis.

Miss Mary McDonald, a typical smiling Irish lass, who has been stopping at Mrs. C. Lamb's on the South Side, is now an assistant seamstress in the Jacksonville School.

Rev. Hasenstab attended a conference at South Bend, Indiana, September 17th, stopped off on his way to visit John Priestly, who is very ill in Goshen.

Sidney Howard visited his niece in Champaign.

Mrs. J. Gibney is back, after resting several weeks at the home of her son in Minnesota.

Charles Norris is walking around with a cane, the result of being bumped by an auto driven by a young lady, July 24th. She paid all expenses.

Miss Lalla Lee, Iowa, an ex-Gallaudetian, is spending three weeks with Mrs. Michaelson.

Among the various visiting celebrities this summer was Charles Wolff, who is connected with the Wolff-Willson Drug Co., in St. Louis.

Harry Belling, caretaker of the Sac Building, underwent a hospital operation.

The juggernauts of A. L. Roberts and Ward Small took a merry crowd of intimate friends to week-end at Lake Delavan September 17th—"the last rose of Summer" expedition.

Craig and Eddie Rowse were hosts, standing all expenses of those who had been particularly kind to them the past summer.

By the way, the Grand Convention in Atlanta gave Rowse leave to take a three-month vacation, if he desired; but so far press of work has prevented him from taking more than week-end trips to the lake. The great Gibson, too, has not yet taken his vacation. Who wants to be famous in our ranks if one's inalienable rights to strife, liberty, and the pursuit of a coat of tan 'neath summer skies, is to be thus infringed on?

Joe Wondra, chairman of the Sac entertainment committee, states the period from now to January is practically booked solid. Gallaudet's birthday, Saturday, December 10, will witness a big N. A. D. assemblage, with the president—Dr. J. H. Cloud, St. Louis—lecturing on "The Rising Tide of Color." Other local dates ahead:

October 8—Sac, Tenth birthday celebration, members only 15—Whist and bunco, All Angels'.

THE MEAGHERS.

## "IN DIXIELAND."

## ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

Our less fortunately situated brethren do not need to envy our climatic conditions just now, as we are having some really torrid weather at this writing. August and September have been the hottest and sultriest months known to this section in many years. Our oldest citizens claim that this has been the hottest and driest summer that we have had in the past thirty years.

Cyril Williams, a sixteen year old deaf boy of Shelbyville, Tennessee, was perhaps fatally shot at a toll gate house on the Wartrace and Shelbyville, Tennessee, turnpike, about midnight on September 15th, by William Smith, the gate keeper, when he knocked on the door of the keeper's house and did not respond to calls as to who he was and his business. Why he was in that vicinity at such an hour and his business, has not yet been determined.

Mr. and Mrs. George Strong, of Charleston, South Carolina, were recent visitors to Savannah, Georgia, having gone there on one of the week-end excursions to visit some of Mr. Strong's relatives. While in that city, they met up with the majority of the Savannah deaf at Daffin Park at a picnic, and had a most enjoyable day there. Their visit to Savannah was brief, but they expressed themselves as being in love with Savannah, and say that it beats Charleston for beauty and charm.

After meeting up with the Savannah bunch of silents, Mr. and Mrs. Strong were kept busy the balance of their stay, seeing the sights of Savannah and Tybee and being entertained in various ways by the deaf of that city. They departed for their home after a three-day visit, declaring that they had had a splendid visit and one long to be remembered.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Guerry Bishop, Gentry, Jr., and Prof. J. W. McClanass, were recent week-end visitors from here to Savannah and Tybee, taking advantage of the very low week-end excursion rates that the Railroads are now offering each week-end between Atlanta, Brunswick, Savannah, Jacksonville, and Charleston, S. C. While in Savannah they were royally entertained by Mr. Fred J. Hart and sister, assisted by Miss Viola Weil.

Mr. Hart met the party upon their arrival in Savannah and showed them over the city and took them to Tybee beach, and personally saw to it that they enjoyed every moment of their stay in his city.

The party returned to Atlanta the following Tuesday, expressing themselves as being more than pleased with their visit and especially so with the hospitality shown them by the silent folks of Savannah. Their glowing account of the beauties of Savannah and the warm wholehearted welcome extended them by the deaf of that city, causes us to feel just a little envious, and has created in us a strong desire to go there and

see for ourselves at some future time.

We have always known that we had a splendid bunch of silents over in Savannah, but they are all so modest and retiring that it is very seldom they make themselves known outside of their own immediate neighborhood. The recent week-end excursions that the Railroads have been running to Savannah from all points in Georgia, South Carolina and Florida, have carried a great many visiting deaf to that city from all points in these three States, and they have woke up the Savannah silents and caused it to become known beyond their own border that they are all heart and soul with the march of progress of the deaf of the South. Most of these Savannah silents are good Nads and are fully alive to the welfare of their fellow deaf, and while they have not taken a place in the front rank in the march of progress, they do a lot of good work among the local silents, and no doubt but some day that they will make themselves known Nationally as well as locally. Every one, whom we have met returning from their visit to Savannah, are loud in their praise of Savannah and of the silents population of that city, who welcomed them one and all so royally.

The Atlanta Journal of September 8th, printed the following account of the return of Mrs. John T. North and party from Europe. Mrs. North is the sister of Mrs. I. H. Marchman, of Philadelphia and Atlanta. Mrs. Marchman was among those present at the pier to meet the party on its return.

New York, September 7.—After a delightful tour of Europe under the direction of Mrs. John T. North, eight southern beauties returned on the Red Star liner Zealand today with a wardrobe of the latest Parisian fashions that were the envy of the passengers on board. The popular Atlanta belles were most enthusiastic over their journey, the outstanding feature being the trip from Rotterdam to London over the famous air route.

The party left early in the summer on the White Star liner Canopic, and after a thorough tour of historic Italy, visited Switzerland, Germany and France, spending several days in the devastated area. They report that their stay in Paris was most delightful, and their wardrobe clearly shows that a portion of the time was put in around the famous modiste shops.

On the return aboard the Zealand the young ladies were the life of the party, being leaders in the various games popular aboard ship and promoters of the nightly dances, during which time they gave the many other passengers the chance to see the latest styles in evening gowns.

Upon their arrival in New York they were met by John T. North, manager of the Atlanta office of the International Mercantile Marine company, and many of their parents. After a visit of several days in New York the party will leave for their homes in Atlanta. The party included Miss Dora Halmon, Miss Marion Stearns, Miss Alice Stearns, Miss Nellie Dodd, Miss Dorothy Dodd, Miss Wilmotine Perdue, Miss Neil Sims, Miss Frances Tschopik and Mr. Harry L. Stearns, Jr.

Among the parents at the pier were Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Stearns, Mrs. J. D. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Appleby, Mrs. E. L. Pierce, Mrs. H. D. Brooks, Mrs. I. H. Marchman, and Miss Avis Marchman.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Gholdston have moved once again, this time to an up-town apartment house, at 138 Forest Avenue. The latest move of this couple was made necessary by a profiteering landlord selling the house they were living in out over their heads. They have signed a year lease on this new place in self-defense, not wanting to be forced to move again, at least not for another year.

The old-fashioned basket picnic given by the members of the Georgia Branch N. A. D., on Labor Day, Monday September 5th, at Grant Park, was a success from every standpoint, according to those who enjoyed the informal festivity. Dinner was furnished by the women folks of the Atlanta Silent Colony.

All deaf people, whether members of the N. A. D. or not, were invited to participate and the picnic was well attended. The dinner and entertainments had equal shares in the success of the day. There was an abundance of good "eats" and drinks, several kodaks with plenty of films were in evidence, and a good many group pictures were taken, also one large picture of the entire gathering.

Games and other amusements were indulged in during the day, and everyone enjoyed the day with a regular picnic spirit. A business meeting was held at night at the Chamber of Commerce, which was attended by the entire assemblage. Talks were made by President L. B. Dickerson, Rev. S. M. Freeman, I. H. Marchman and others. It was decided to levy an assessment of 25 cents per month on each N. A. D. member from now until July 4th, 1922, proceeds to go to 1923 convention fund. Next year the monthly assessments will be either increased or discontinued, according to the needs of such assessments at that time. A great many of the members paid up their assessments for a full

year in advance, and gave the 1923 Convention fund a good start.

A largely attended meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary was held at the home of Mrs. C. L. Jackson, 28 Wellborn Street, on September 7th. At this meeting this club was thoroughly reorganized and made an auxiliary of the the Georgia Branch N. A. D., and will work to promote the interests of that organization for the next two years. The new officers elected are: President, Mrs. W. E. Gholdston; Vice-President, Miss Lillie Moore; Secretary, Miss Florence Giles; Treasurer, Mrs. J. Guerry Bishop. This club is now busily engaged in arranging a long list of different kinds of entertainments, bazaars, rummage sales, etc., to be held this fall and winter to help swell their next convention fund.

C. L. J.

## FLINT.

The picnic held under the auspices of Flint Division, No. 15, N. F. S. D., on Labor Day at Purdy's Grove, some three miles out on Fenton Road, turned out to be more of a hummer than was anticipated. The day dawned with threatening clouds overcast and a light drizzle in the early hours of the morning. However, towards the middle of the forenoon the clouds gave indications of clearing up and practically the entire deaf population of the town was present and helped to pass a very pleasant afternoon.

The crowd was augmented by a goodly sized party from Saginaw, also from Detroit and several of the towns surrounding Flint, some coming over in their autos.

A number of races were staged, Miss Klida of Bay City winning the girls' race and Frank Drake's son the boys' race. The older element of the crowd preferred playing quoits with horseshoes, or witnessing the races, or holding confabs with their old-time friends, or helping the young ones with their games.

Just as darkness was gathering upon the grove, the crowd began dispersing and returned to the city in busses. A large number spent the evening in the club room until a convenient hour for them to take their cars homeward bound.

Last Saturday evening witnessed the first of the series of social events for the 1921-1922 season, when Flint Social Club held an apple pie and ice cream social at its hall. Nearly one hundred of the deaf population were present, together with their children, and a most pleasant evening was spent. Mr. Clyde Beach, the club president, engineered this social with the assistance of his good wife and others.

Quite a number of things or events have taken place since my last letter and may seem a little stale at the present time, but I think it will do no harm to chronicle the most important ones, which will probably will be news to many of the JOURNAL readers. Some time in the latter part of June Mr. Clyde Beach, while returning home from work, had a miraculous escape from serious injury, if not death.

A long string of autos, carrying workmen from the factories to their homes in the western part of the city, had to stop at a street intersection within a short distance from Mr. Beach's home to allow an auto to pass, the street being inundated for some distance by the heavy rains during the day. While waiting for the auto coming in the opposite direction to pass Mr. Beach stepped into the middle of the road. Just then an auto shot from behind in an effort to get to the head of the string and struck Mr. Beach on one of the fenders, throwing him clear over the top and making a somersault. Fortunately Mr. Beach landed on the terra firma with only a small cut on his head and a few bruises. He was able to pick himself up and walked home without any assistance.

Obtaining the number of the auto Mr. Beach brought suit against the driver, claiming that he had no right to try and shoot himself ahead. The driver settled a few days later to Mr. Beach's satisfaction.

Mr. Fred Lawrason and family came near being asphyxiated one morning in the early part of the summer. Mr. Lawrason was awakened by his daughter Marion, who had been apprehended by the smell of the gas. Physicians were immediately called and revived the entire family.

After several months' illness Mrs. William Gibney crossed the Great Divide on June 30th, at her residence on East Second Street, the direct cause being pernicious anemia. Mrs. Gibney made her home in Flint nearly all her life, coming from New York when a child. She was married to Mr. William Gibney on March 18, 1891, and leaves beside her husband, two children, Mrs. Alice Mogford and Lyman Gibney. The remains were interred in the family lot in Glenood Cemetery.

Only recently were we informed of Mr. George A. Nelson's death, which occurred at his home in Brighton, Mich., last spring. Mr. Nelson was one of the shining lights among the deaf of this State, being a well-posted reader and student. He ran a business of his own for

many years in his home town. Being of a quiet and retiring disposition, Mr. Nelson did not mix very much among the deaf of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. John Voisine, of Kalamazoo, motoring in their Dodge, stopped in Flint over night in the latter part of July. They left the next day for Bay City for a week's visit with their relatives and friends.

Word was recently received here that Maurice Lindstrom, who was for several years employed in the factories here, had returned to his old home in New York and was at work in a print shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Tripp, with John Rumbold as chauffeur, enjoyed a month's automobile trip along the shores of Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, starting from Grayling, Mich. They visited the famous Au Sable River dams.

J. M. Stewart, Clyde Stevens, Bert Maxson and Jacob Oberlin, comprised a party who "roughed it" around Traverse City for a couple of weeks in the latter part of August.

Miss Margaret Leveck spent two months attending college at the Western Normal College, Kalamazoo, taking a course in art and English. She summered a few weeks with Miss Helen Hoyt, at the latter's cottage on the shores of Huzzey Lake, near Lawton.

Mr. R. L. Erd returned last Saturday from a 3500-mile jaunt in his new Buick No. 45. In his itinerary he visited a number of large cities, among them being Duluth, St. Paul, St. Louis, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. He left Mrs. Erd and son Robert at New Brunswick, N. J., who will make a protracted visit with Mrs. Erd's mother.

William Gibney sp at four weeks visiting his daughter at Buchanan, Mich., and friends at Chicago.

Mrs. Harry Neely and little son returned last Saturday from a month's visit with her parents at Traverse City.

Mrs. Adolph Kresion, of Port Huron, called on her friends in this town for a day, while on her way home from a month's trip in the southern part of the State.

G. F. Tripp was recently operated on at a hospital at Ann Arbor. He is rapidly recovering and is back at his place as instructor of cabinet-making at the M. S. D.

Mrs. Marietta Winans left this week for Toledo, Ohio, for a long stay with her daughter Beatrice.

Mrs. A. Littleton Long, of Devil's Lake, N. D., spent a month with her sister, Mrs. Piper, in this city. As also did Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Buchanan, of Faribault, Minn., accompanied by their son John. Mr. Long showed up shortly before Labor Day and could stay only a few days. The entire Long and Buchanan families returned to their respective homes last week, for another year's grind at their schools. Before their departure they were tendered a good-bye party at Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Allen's home on First Avenue. Ice cream and light refreshments were served.

Cortland Rider, who for the past two years has been employed on the Flint Daily Journal, has accepted a position on the new paper started at Kalamazoo. He drew his card from the union here last Saturday.

Yours truly, who represented Flint Division, No. 15, at the N. F. S. D. Convention at Atlanta, wishes to express his thanks to the frats there for the royal reception tendered him and his wife.

E. M. B.

## Deaf-Mutes Capture A Burglar

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 23.—John Baker, seventeen years old, who refuses to tell the police where he lives, was captured late last night by some members of the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society, whom he had surprised in their club rooms on the top floor of No. 210 Market Street. They later turned him over to the police.

The club is patronized entirely by deaf-mutes. There were about thirty or forty sitting about the rooms when suddenly the top of the skylight opened and two legs protruded. A couple of members went up the ladder and pulled the person down. It was Baker.

He at first did not know what to make of seeing all the men making motions with their hands. He shouted to them: "What's the matter? I want to get out."

No one could talk, but two or three held him fast while one who could speak a few words ran to Broad and Market streets and notified two policemen, who placed Baker under arrest.

When searched it is said the prisoner had in his possession a rope ladder, a pair of gloves and some jewelry. When questioned at Police Headquarters Baker, according to the police, admitted that he intended to rob a jewelry store three doors away from where he was captured. He, it is alleged, said he became frightened when he got to the roof of the house he intended to rob and found he could not get down again. He climbed where he found the skylight and had hoped to reach the street by this means.

The police say that Baker admitted having robbed the shoe store of M. Schwebel, at No. 111 Ferry Street, on August 4th, and that he obtained \$32. Schwebel reported that he lost only \$23.



## NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the best.

In his luxurious bachelor apartments on West 107th Street, on Saturday evening, September 24th, Mr. Samuel Frankheim, surrounded by old friends, celebrated his natal day with an elaborate dinner.

For the past twelve years he has made it a custom to have the same old friends at the banquet board on his birthday. No new names have been added, and from the original number of his guests only one has passed away—Joseph Sonneborn, of New York and Los Angeles.

On this occasion two others were absent and sent letters of regret. They are Harry C. Dickerson, of Boston, and Adolph Pfeiffer, of Lake George.

The guests were all on hand promptly at seven o'clock and were served with appetizers in the library, previous to entering the dining room.

The table was a reminder of the days of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, inasmuch as it resembled that historic table in shape—no head nor foot, but all on the same equality. It was beautifully decorated with flowers in vases of cut-glass and silver, the center vase being lily-shaped and about two feet high. The immaculate napery and glittering silver heightened the effect, so that the *l'out ensemble* was a riot of silver and vari colored flowers upon a field of snow.

The following menu was served in faultless style by a quartet of servitors:—

### MENU

Salmon Canapes		
Consomme Royal au Garnier		
Toast Monte Carlo		
Celery	Olives	Nuts
Filet of Bass Sauce Hollandaise		
Tomato d' horseradish		
B. B. B. Sandwiches		
Mushroom Mousse sol. sauce		
Individual Roast Breast of Squab Chicken		
Truffle sauce		
Green Peas and fancy potatoes		
Cheese in aspic Savarin		
Endive Salad Russian dressing		
Roast Crackers		
Vanilla Mousse and Raspberry Ice		
in fancy forms		
Glace and Cakes		
Bon Bons		
Coffee		

Before beginning the feast all stood with bowed heads for a moment in memory of Joseph Sonneborn, the only member of the original group whom death had claimed.

With the coffee and cigars, Mr. Simonson arose and proposed long life and health to the host of the evening, to which Mr. Frankenheim feelingly responded.

Other members who made speeches were Messrs. Sonneborn, Kohlman, Gass, Hodgson, Bageh, Kenner, Nubner, McManis.

Adjournment was made to the library and Havana cigars were again passed round, and wit and anecdote and reminiscence filled the fast flying time until well past midnight.

Those present, besides Mr. Frankenheim, were Messrs. Felix A. Simonson, Marx Levy, Arthur C. Bachrach, E. Souweine, Albert V. Ballin, Edgar Bloom, Henry C. Kohlman, Marcus L. Kenner, Emil Basch, Moritz Schoenfeld, M. W. Loew, James B. Gass, Francis W. Nubner, Charles C. McManis, Edwin A. Hodgson.

### H. A. D. NOTES

Regular Friday evening services were resumed for the season on September 23d, with an unusually large attendance.

Rev. A. J. Amateau utilized the occasion in giving what he termed "Heart to Heart Talk," in which he defined the true purpose of these Friday evening gatherings and the objects to be sought. He concluded with a plea for a still larger attendance, especially by the young element.

All are welcome to these Friday evening services, which start at 8:45 P.M. sharp.

Special services for High Holy-days will be held at the S. W. J. D. Building, 40 W. 115th Street, on the following dates: Sunday evening, October 3d, 8:30 P.M.; Monday morning, October 2d, 9:30 A.M.; Day of Atonement—Tuesday evening, October 11th, 8:30 P.M.; Wednesday morning, October 12th, 9:30 A.M.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hodess entertained a party of friends at supper, September 18th, at their home on West 138th Street, Bronx. Assisting the hostess was her daughter, Mrs. James Foley, and as a result every one of the guests entered into the spirit of feeling perfectly "At Home." "Pop" Hodess and Hubby Jim made a winning team as omnibuses, declared the latter's petite better-half,

## OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 995 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Sept. 24, 1921.—The grounds of the school again are the scene of activity upon them, which for the past three months, showed no life except the roving about of chickens. Now the pupils are back, and there will be more doings there.

Wednesday was the opening day, and brought to the School from all parts of the State deaf children—some for their first entrance, and many who were not new to the place. The latter seemed glad and anxious to have returned. Not so with some of the new comers. They seemed bashful among strangers, and there were several cases where parent and child parting were of the pathetic kind to witness. But such instances are common every opening day at every school for the deaf, and after a few weeks at school, the unwilling and weeping child has become accustomed to the place and company and is contented.

At this writing, Saturday, 481 pupils are enrolled. That is a good starter; better than it has been for some years back.

Messrs. Odebrecht, Read and Winemiller, were at the Union Station, Wednesday, to meet pupils, take their baggage checks, and assist them to the cars. This duty for many years was performed by Messrs. Greener, Steward and Zorn. Mr. Steward looked after those arriving at the West Broad Street Station, and Messrs. Zorn and Ohlemacher at the Interurban Station at Third and Rich Streets.

The teachers' meeting previous to opening day was held as usual Tuesday evening, in B Center Hall. There was only an absence of one or two teachers. An air of stillness seemed to permeate the gathering unusual at former times, when everybody knew everybody, and there were hearty greetings exchanged. The reason for this was probably the absence of old friends and new faces in their places. By the way, nine of the teachers, who were there last year, some many years, others fewer; five of them have quit the ranks, and the others have secured places elsewhere. It has been a long time since so many changes in the teaching corps have occurred at the school in one year. There are several changes also in the domestic department.

Superintendent Jones, in opening the meeting, welcomed back the old and new comers to the work, and he spoke for a good year's results. He will act as Principal in place of Dr. Patterson, with some assistance from others. The reason why no new principal was appointed, according to newspaper report, is that no suitable person could be obtained.

Class lists were distributed to the teachers and duties for the opening day assigned.

He announced an innovation, the providing of a lunch to the children at the morning recess 9:30, to consist of a half pint of milk and crackers or cookies. The time from breakfast 6:30 A.M. to 12:15 P.M. was a long wait for children to go without food, and hence a light lunch between meals would stimulate them in their work and at the same time remove an aching void, as well help to their general health. As milk is a food, good for children as well as for adults, the lunch will consist as above.

As the school is dismissed at 9:30 each class, beginning with the upper one, files out into the yard, and each pupil is handed a half pint bottle of milk and a few crackers or a couple of cookies, and after consuming them, pass to their respective sides. The teachers also are served. Because of the absence of the foreman of the printing office, the Year Book was not ready for distribution, Mr. Jones announced. For the same reason, the first issue of the *Ohio Chronicle*, which was to have come out to-day, has been delayed. It will be printed next week, provided the foreman shows up meanwhile.

Rev. Utten Read came to the teachers' meeting carrying his right arm in a sling. Recently while inspecting a new house, he failed to observe that the stairway leading into the basement had no boards on it at the bottom steps, and as a consequence fell down, resulting in the arm being badly sprained.

Mrs. George W. Halse, Clermont County, brought her daughter to school. She was the guest for several days of Mrs. Holyeross. Mrs. Wm. Friend acted as escort to her in rounds of the buildings and calling upon friends in the city. We were glad to see her looking so well and still wearing the smiling countenance of her school days.

Mr. Halse is still looking after his farm, though not actively, part of it he lets out on shares.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Geiger, of Cincinnati, were here Wednesday and then left for Marion to visit the Huebers.

The many friends of Miss Ivor Lohr will sympathize with her in the death of her father, which occurred last Monday. He had been a sufferer for a number of years from can-

cer of the stomach. Miss Lohr had returned to the School to assure her work as assistant to the matron of the boys' B floor Saturday last, but was called back home, London, O., Sunday, when the condition of her father became critical.

A. B. G.

## PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

On Thursday evening, September 22d, a group of friends tendered a little surprise party to Mr. Warren M. Swaltz. He will soon enter the Philadelphia Divinity School, and the purpose of the party was to give him a joyous send-off. The idea was developed and engineered by Miss Anna Hogan.

It was known that Mr. Swaltz had often expressed his strong disinclination to be the recipient of a surprise party, and had even made threats of what he would do if one ever took him unawares. Therefore the greatest pains were taken to keep him ignorant of the affair, and he had not the least suspicion of what was going on until most of the guests had arrived, on one excuse or another.

However, he finally sensed the nature of the occasion and his confusion was genuine. It was the first party he had ever had in his honor during his lifetime. But he quickly forgot former prejudices, and entered with the guests into the spirit of the evening.

A large amount of smoker's paraphernalia and materials was presented to him by the thoughtful donors, to help make long hours of study less irksome. His favorite brands of tobacco were much in evidence. Refreshments were served, and the evening was pleasantly spent.

Among those present were the Misses Anna Hogan, Edythe Z. Dunner, Loretta A. Haines, Beryl S. Kendall, and Mildred Smaltz; Mrs. John S. Yocum of Bushnell, Ill., and Mrs. I. Frank Wenrick of Richland, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wisler, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fowler, and Mr. and Mrs. Warren M. Smaltz; and Messrs. James Jennings, William E. Rothmund, and James Barrett.

On Tuesday evening, September 13th, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Salter invited a few friends to their cosy home in Wissinoming, Philadelphia, to meet Miss Cloa G. Lamson and Mrs. Anna B. Callison, teachers in the Ohio School at Columbus, who stopped here for a brief visit. The following persons were able to meet the visitors on short notice: Mrs. Herbert C. Merrill and daughter, Beatrice; Mrs. M. J. Style, Mrs. J. S. Reider, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Buxton, Mr. John A. Roach and Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston.

Miss Mildred Schram, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and Miss Rose Loebe, of Brooklyn, were Mrs. Sylvan G. Stern's guests for the week end, on the 16th of September. On the 29th, Mrs. S. G. Stern will travel to New York to stay for a few days with her mother, and her husband will follow on the following day.

Mrs. M. J. Style returned to the city from her vacation, which she spent with Mrs. M. L. Haight at Lake George, N. Y., on Tuesday, 13th. She brought with her Mrs. Haight, who remained here about a fortnight. Miss Irene Style also spent her two weeks' vacation at Lake George and enjoyed it very much there.

On Saturday evening, September 25th, a considerable number of the local deaf held a meeting in the Gold Room of the Hotel Adelphia.

They met in response to the call of Mr. Harry E. Stevens, State Organizer of the N. A. D. A Philadelphia Branch of the Association was formally founded. As yet, no officers have been elected; but that and other things necessary to a complete organization will probably be accomplished at the next meeting.

A petition praying for the formation of a local branch of the N. A. D. had previously been circulated by Messrs. Warren M. Smaltz and James M. Jennings. Fifty three signatures were secured, which seems an excellent showing. The petition was formally granted by the Organizer. The date for another meeting will soon be announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Paul attended the funeral of the former's oldest sister, Barbara Hoover, of Marysville, Bedford Co., Pa. on Wednesday, August 10th. The deceased was 82 years old, and had seven children, twenty four grandchildren, thirty eight great grandchildren and one great, great grandchild about one year old. The Pauls spent two weeks in visiting their relatives in Bedford Co. and Blair Co., and returned home on Monday, August 22d. They went automobile riding nearly every day and enjoyed it. Their son Chandler and his family went to Wild Wood on Saturday, Aug. 20th, when they staid two weeks for his vacation. Their dear little Ida, who has not been well for a long time, is getting along very fine. The salt air did her good.

Wilmer D. Paul, the other son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul, made weekly trips to Wildwood, N. J., during August, to spend the week ends with his wife, who spent the month there.

Mrs. Minnie Troup gave a dinner in honor of her parents on Labor Day and invited several of their friends to it. Of the invited friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler, Miss Susan and Mr. William McKinney were out of the city, and Mr. and Mrs. Reider were unable to attend, owing to a previous engagement. Mr. and Mrs. Martin C. Fortescue and Mr. Washington Houston were among the diners. Mr. Eakins returned to Reading late in the afternoon, but Mrs. Eakins remained about a week longer with her daughter.

Mr. W. M. Smaltz's mother, of Illinois, and aunt of Richland, Pa., visited him for a week or so. They left for other parts on Sunday, September 25th.

Washington Houston, who spent the month-end of August in New York and Somerville, N. J., is still enthusiastic over his visit and the treatment he received. He graduated from Fanwood fifty-seven years ago.

## DENVER.

Thos. V. Northern, that enterprising linotyping for the trade, man, and, Robert Frewing decided a hike was what they needed, so Sunday, September 11th, they went out to Eldorado Springs on the interurban and from there started their hike. It was some hike according to sundry reports, the only accident occurring when T. V. mistook Bob for a bob-cat and shied a rock in his direction, and Bob was unfortunate enough to stick his face in the line of flight of that rock.

Next day Bob's face looked like Carpenter's after Dempsey had finished on him. There is some talk of forming a hiker's club in Denver. The only required thing you need to join being a pair of good trustworthy legs and the gift of gab.

Frank H. Lessley has finally purchased a home, and is through for good with landlords and their notices evict. Thus the number of the deaf who own their homes is growing. Quite a few others have given out hints that they will soon be living in their own homes.

T. R. Tansey and family motored up to Elk Creek Labor Day, and there T. R. proceeded to catch 14 fine trout. We do not know if any others went fishing that day.

The writer went trout-fishing twice this year, and both times the fluffers they were in broke down. The last time they had to come home on the narrow-gauge railroad, which runs up into the mountains. Therefore, they both swore off fishing trips via fluffers for the current year, but will be ready for more next year.

Trout fishing means going up into the mountains, and there is nothing in the world comparable to the Colorado Rockies.

Mr. and Mrs. John McTigue recently gave a party. A large number of the local deaf turned out and a good time was reported.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fisher and Mr. and Mrs. Quinn were callers at the H. E. Grace home one Sunday recently.

The Colorado School for the Deaf and Blind started on another school year recently, and as a result a large number of pupils passed through Denver on their way to school.

Geo. Hill, of Birmingham, Ala., is spending his vacation in Denver. Colorado is his home State and he just can't stay away. He is looking hale and hearty. Will leave for the south again some time in October.

R. C. Cummings has acquired his third car in less than a year, the last car being a Maxwell model 1888, as one fellow facetiously puts it. A car is sure a handy thing to have if it don't break down when you are ninety miles from nowhere.

C. J. Jones was under the weather recently, but has fully recovered. He and A. L. Kent are still out on strike, being members of the Printers' Union and still drawing their weekly strike benefit.

About half of the deaf in Denver are working in printing establishments, and quite a few of those who do not now, have done so at one time or other.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. S. Janovick on August 28th, a baby girl, weighing 7½ pounds. Papa Janovick is now walking the floor of nights.

Miss Lucille Wolfert, a graduate of this year's class at the Colorado School, is now working in the Bindery department at the Bankers Supply Co. with Mrs. Luther Alford. Mr. Harry Metcalf, after successfully evading even the least suspicion that he was married last April to a Miss —, formerly of Oklahoma, finally let the glad tidings leak out.

Saturday evening, September 10th, the following were callers at the home of T. V. Northern: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lessley and daughter, Helen, Mr. and Mrs. Quinn, and R. H. Frewing. "Between Acts," fudge, the making for which Mrs. Northern has quite a reputation, was served.

Miss Lenore Bible is expected to stop over in Denver for a visit on her way back to Gallaudet College. She will begin her Junior year this coming scholastic year. For the

first time in many years she has not spent the summer months in Denver.

Employment among the deaf of Denver is still at its best, not one being out of work at present. R. C. Cummings was laid off at the General Chemical plant, but not a week passed before he was drawing his regular weekly wages.

Football is making its annual appearance again this year. We are looking forward to hear reports of the progress of the Goodyear Silents, whose fame is known by all. They have our heartiest wishes for a successful season. To date we have not learned who will be on the roll call, but we have it that as usual, our two boys, Joe Allen and Winfield Roller, will again make their debut in football armor.

Mrs. Quinn recently returned from a short but pleasant visit with her relatives, whom she has not visited for several years. She still has her old pep, and is very enthusiastic about hiking. When T. V. Northern and R. H. Frewing announced they were going hiking, she feared the men were going to monopolize the hikes, giving her disapproval.

The local N. F. S. D. will give a Whist Party on Saturday evening, September 11th. On October 22d, a Masquerade Party will take place. Following this there will be a "Hard Times" Party on November 19th, and a Watch Night Party December 31st.

The Liberty Club, an organization of the silent women of Denver, wish to announce that they will hold a masquerade party on October 29th.

DENVERITES.

### NEW ORLEANS

#### DEATH BY POISONING

John H. Summers, 40 years old, a deaf mute, 1504 Carondelet street, died at Charity Hospital shortly, after 8 o'clock Saturday evening, September 17th, under circumstances shrouded in mystery, but which indicate a possibility of his having been poisoned. An autopsy is to be held at the hospital to determine the exact cause of his death, although physicians are inclined to the belief he died from acute alcoholism.

Summers' wife, also a deaf-mute, in a written statement Sunday night, declared her husband did not drink, but that he came home ill Saturday afternoon from a bakery where he was employed, and told her in the sign language he had been given some whiskey, and he believed it to have been poisoned. He repeated his declaration at the hospital just before he died, according to Mrs. Summers.

Mrs. Summers was taken suddenly ill Saturday afternoon, and her husband was summoned from the bakery. He found his wife in bed when he came, but was almost immediately stricken with illness himself.

"The first thing he said to me," Mrs. Summers declares in her statement, was that he was sorry to find me sick. Then he said he had the stomach-ache and that someone had given him whiskey at the bakery. I noticed a change in him at once; he grew steadily worse, until he was helpless. He could still talk with one hand, the right one.

"They sent him to the hospital and tried to keep me from going, but I went anyway. He said to me there in the sign language he knew he was going to die, for he believed he had been poisoned. He talked until he grew worse, but wouldn't look at me. The last thing he signalled was 'Poison, whiskey.'

"I would like to know the truth. He was in good health until yesterday. He never drank, and was hardly ever sick. Please find out the truth and help me."

Mrs. Summers was sent home from the hospital before her husband's death, and the news was kept from her until Sunday morning. She collapsed when she heard her husband had died, and the ambulance was summoned, but she refused to go to the hospital.

Police at the Second Precinct station were without information of the affair Sunday night, aside from the facts contained in a brief report to police headquarters made Saturday night by Supernumerary Patrolman John D. Moran, who went to the Carondelet street address when Summers was sent to the hospital.

"I learned from the hospital that an autopsy will be held, and it is believed that alcoholism was the cause of his death."

Summers had been out of work for some time. But recently obtained employment at a local bakery. He has two children, both deaf-mutes, an 18-year old daughter and a 10-year old boy.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*, September 19.

LATER—John H. Summers, 40, a deaf-mute, did not die of alcoholism, according to the official report of the examining physician at the Charity hospital.

Summers died at the hospital Saturday night, after being overcome at his home, 1504 Carondelet street, from what was first thought to be the effects of a mysterious liquor.

The report of the physicians, issued Monday afternoon, states that Summers died of acute nephritis and necrosis of the liver.

## TEXAS.

It has been rather exciting living down here in the Lone Star State the past two weeks, with cyclones, windstorms and cloudbursts, enough to swamp the whole country. At San Antonio the river rose to such heights as to cover the entire business section of the city under ten feet of water, and one hundred persons were drowned, and damage estimated to run into the millions was done. All railroads in South Texas were almost completely wrecked. Bridges and track for miles being destroyed.

By a strange coincidence the big floods and the opening of the School for the Deaf came at the same time, and what would ordinarily have been a simple job, took hours of patient work on the part of the teachers to get the pupils to the School. In Dallas no teachers had arrived to take charge of the pupils on Tuesday morning, so Mr. W. A. Barnes, a local deaf man, went down to the station and took charge of the pupils until Prof. R. L. Davis and Prof. R. M. Rives arrived in Dallas about 4 P.M. In Ft. Worth Troy Hill happened to be living there, and as he was scheduled to take charge anyhow, was down at the depot at 5 A.M., and spent a merry day taking pupils back and forth from the T. P. Station to the H. & T. C. Station. On account of the bridge being gone, the H. & T. C. was the only train that could make connections between Austin and the North part of the State, therefore all of the deaf had to detour and come in on the the H. & T. C., arriving in Austin, after twenty hours on the way. At Waco, the station matron and a few extra policemen took care of the pupils until the arrival of Prof. A. O. Wilson, who got in about 6:30 P.M. However, we are thankful that none of the deaf lost their lives in the awful storms, while so many hearing people were being killed. In Austin rain fell to the depth of 24 inches in 24 hours, which is, if you'll pardon me for saying it, Some Dam Rain.

The Texas School for the Deaf, opened a week earlier than usual this year, and at present writing the school is going full speed, although many of the pupils have no yet arrived, owing to the heavy rains and the fear of the parents that the children might not get through. The enrollment of pupils this year finds one of the biggest crowds in the history of the School in School, 530 being enrolled.

Supt. Shuford has made several changes in the School during the last few months, among them being the abolishment of the rule forbidding the use of signs in the new Primary Oral School, which brought forth more hand clapping from the kids than any 5-reel Chaplin Movie ever could bring forth. This step on the part of Supt. Shuford is to be commended, and goes to show that he is going to run the School for the best interests of the deaf people and will not allow Pure Oralism to prevail, but the Combined System of the Rochester School will be used as far as practicable.

Mrs. Robert L. Davis and little daughter, Hazel, have returned to Austin after spending their summer with relatives in Chicago. They arrived in Dallas in time to accompany Prof. Bob home with the children, coming for the opening of the School.

Mr. Robert K. Baird, who left Dallas last spring, has at last been located in Yakima, Washington, where he is farming. He has sent for his family and they will leave immediately and join him in the Northwest.

Prof. Robert M. Rives spent his summer doing odd jobs of painting houses, and from the coat of tan which he is now wearing, the job seemed to agree with him. Others of the local deaf teachers spent their summer vacations in various ways. Prof. Brooks working in one of the local print shops as a linotype operator, Prof. W. M. Davis working in the Court House, Prof. W. Wood working at his trade in the city, while Prof. W. H. Davis spent his time on his farm near Bishop, and camping near Galveston on the Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover A. Morgan, of Dallas, have the sympathy of the deaf all over the State in the loss of Grover's brother, who died recently in Mart, Texas.

Mr. Halbert Webb has at last thrown aside his bachelor spangles and taken unto himself a better half. He was married to Miss Maggie Long on the 10th of September. Congratulations are now in order.

Football prospects at the Texas School for the Deaf are the brightest in years, and with all of last year's team back, and the addition of Leonard Perry, Troy Hill and Halbert Webb, the team ought to wipe up on everything in this part of country. Mr. Robert Sutherland, a member of last year's team, will coach, and Troy Hill will act as graduate manager.

ICKY.

Miss Hennie Hecht, of Baltimore, who has returned home from a sojourn at Atlantic City, entertained a number of her friends on Sunday evening, September 18th, at her residence, 907 Chauncey Avenue.



## PENNSYLVANIA.

[Address of President James S. Reider, read at the Thirty-fifth Convention, P. S. D., held at the Institution for the Deaf, Edgewood Park, Pa., September 2d, 3d and 4th, 1921.]

To the Members of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—In the name of the Board of Managers, we extend hearty greeting to all members of the Society and to other friends who are kindly disposed towards it; and we also heartily thank the Board of Directors and officers of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf for the valued privilege of meeting here—a privilege which is the more appreciated, because no better place could be found in Pittsburgh for our meeting.

A year ago the Society made known its wish to spend its Fortieth birthday anniversary in the Western part of the State, that is amongst you, even without a direct invitation from your people. We had a short convention in Philadelphia in 1920, and wrestled with one of the biggest problems that came before the Society for many years, of which we will speak later on in this address. The matter referred to was held in abeyance to give it more thought, and until we could obtain your opinions and conclusions and thus avoid hasty action. But it was not for this matter alone that we wanted to come here.

There has been a time when the deaf of the eastern part of the State did not desire or value your co-operation in the councils of the Society, but many a time when they missed and regretted your absence from them. May we not hope that you are equally desirous with others for the continuation of that society cohesion which has characterized the deaf of Pennsylvania in their chief organization for so many years? Without it, we could never have done much as an organization; the beautiful Home of the Society would not exist to-day and we could have nothing of real value to look back upon—all our labors of the past forty years would seem very common and of little account; with it, we have proved the usefulness of the Society beyond doubt, and the record of its success will ever be a credit to the deaf of Pennsylvania. Let us congratulate you upon the existence of the Society for forty years and express the hope that it may long continue its career of usefulness.

If you will look back two score years, you will find that conditions that existed have changed and are continually changing. Ah, the world does move; times ever change, age on age improves, and new causes effect new conditions that may be either good or bad for man. The same is true with the arts, sciences, inventions and religion, including the education of the deaf, for, is it not true that man ever craves for evolutions and progress? Many changes of conditions are the direct cause of competition, which we should treat liberally and with judgment and act, in order to avoid useless strife. This is also the day of competition among organizations of the deaf.

Forty years ago, the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf had no competition to speak of, the few organizations of the deaf then existing being purely local, so that the Society practically had a clear field over the entire State. That was admittedly due to the conditions of those days.

Since then other organizations of the deaf have entered the field that compete with the Society more or less—the National Association of the Deaf, the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, Alumni, beneficial and religious associations, and some smaller organizations of a local character. In proportion, the number of organizations may seem large, but, as long as the deaf are able and willing to support them, we can see no reason to object to any of them. We look upon them as outgrowths of the conditions of the deaf of these times. They have different objects in view that can only serve to stimulate their adherents to more effort, and to increase the variety of activities of the deaf. Even, if a new organization diverts attention from an older one, this Society, which stands for "advancing the interests of the deaf," cannot prove its sincerity better than by welcoming new effort for usefulness among the deaf. Sometimes a new organization can succeed better than an old one in reaching a particular kind of deaf people; therefore, all organizations should be given a chance to show their need.

We believe that we but voice your sentiments in the foregoing statements; and, therefore, the only thing that remains for us to do is to ask that you will continue your steadfast loyalty to this Society, because of its long, good and useful record. The Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, at Doylestown, which this Society established nineteen years ago, is still being maintained without State aid, thanks to the deaf of Pennsylvania and their hearing friends who have helped in this noble work. The Home has been endorsed by the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, but not by the Pittsburgh Chamber as yet. Some years ago a slight effort to secure endorsement was made in connection with a plan to make it eligible to a distribution of charity funds, but nothing came of it, as far as we know. While an endorsement by the Pittsburgh Chamber may not be immediately necessary, a time may come when it will be imperative to have it. So it may be well to take time by the forelock.

In Philadelphia, under authority of the last Legislature, a Welfare Federation of Charities has been formed and begun operation. In brief, the object of the Federation is to prevent waste of funds by a Board of Control which provides the necessary quota of funds for the support of each charitable institution in its membership, which, in return, surrender their yearly collections to it. The plan seems plausible and will undoubtedly have the effect of stabilizing young and weak institutions; but we doubt very much that the provisions for membership will be acceptable to our Home at this time when it is steadily moving forward and becoming self-supporting.

We feel that there is nothing at the present time that we can commend to you as more worthy of your continued support than this same charity. The sublime enthusiasm, spontaneity and coherency you displayed at the time of the establishment of the Home was most commendable and produced the desired result. The task of maintaining the charity since then has been rather difficult and is still a subject of anxiety for us; but, as an offset to this, we have the consoling and comforting satisfaction of knowing that the Home is already endowed by more than a thousand dollars for each year of its existence, without including the amounts of contingent bequests that will be effective at some future time. In short, steady progress has been made under wise and economical management, which commends it to us all the more.

A contemplation! Standing on one of the highest points in the staid, old town of Doylestown, so the Home is also the highest achievement which the Society has made yet. But, while we may be pardonably proud of the achievement, let us rather be more thankful for it. And also, having gone so far, let us do our duty as men and continue our efforts to advance the interests of the Home and to place it

upon a lasting foundation, be the sacrifices what they may.

Let our motto be "The Home first" until it is fully able to support itself. How we should like to see the old fire of enthusiasm, spontaneity and coherency rekindled on this Fortieth Anniversary of the Founding of the Society! We are seemingly on the last lap of this grand work—this humane race—and we are bound to win it at all sacrifices. Other pleasures may appeal to us and other interests absorb our attention; but, without wishing to deny you rightful enjoyment of them, let us ask you to remember "The Home first." May this contemplation be more than a mere dream.

The report of the Board of Trustees of the Home, which will be presented to you, may be allowed to speak for itself. However, a few statements relating to the finances of the Home may not be amiss in this address.

On May 1, 1921, the balances in the different funds stood as follows: Maintenance Fund, \$2,589.55; Endowment Fund, \$20,705.47; Building Fund, \$3,046.00. A large item of expense was that paid for the coming winter's supply of coal, \$477.50, which is almost \$150 more than the cost in 1915, before the world war. The Building Fund is still a long way to the \$10,000 desired for enlarging the Home. Until the Home is fully endowed, money for the Maintenance Fund will always be a pressing need. Another very pressing need just now is funds for the erection of one or two fire escapes on the present building. The Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, after making a thorough inspection of the Home, first called our attention to the necessity of a fire escape. This was one year ago. The Trustees at once sought and advertised for bids; but none were received, owing principally to labor conditions and excessive cost of materials. Nevertheless continued efforts were made to get bidders.

Finally the State Fire Bureau stepped in. Its local inspector decided that two escapes should be provided and imposed very burdensome conditions, entailing what would be an expense of \$3,200. The best the Trustees could do was to have the main escape erected first as soon as possible, and by eliminating the cutting out of doorways and the placing in of doors, which work was given to a local contractor, gave the contract to a Philadelphia firm for \$1,300. Under this arrangement the entire cost will be about \$1,500. A sum like this or more is needed at once, otherwise the Board will have to borrow it from the Building Fund, and replace it later. The Board of Managers of the Society recommends that authority to do so be given.

If this fire-escape is still not considered enough by the State inspector, another one costing about \$750, more or less, will have to be erected. May I call your attention to the fact, that if the Home did not comply with the State fire-inspector's orders, the State would have the escapes erected, and the bill charged to the Home—a bill that would probably total much more than \$3,200. This is then an exigency, which calls for immediate action by the Society, as owner of the property.

Long ago in one of our addresses we advocated the accumulation of a contingent fund for just such an exigency and others that might happen some day, but it was only recently that the Society decided to start one. It has hardly begun as yet, so that the Society now finds itself unable to give the urgent help immediately, except perhaps a small sum. We therefore suggest that for a while all contributions or collections of the Society and its Branches, which can be spared, be allotted to the Maintenance Fund solely to enable the Trustees to meet the extraordinary expense and replace whatever amount they may have borrowed from the Building Fund. The convention should also try to find some practical way to specify provide more funds for the Home; however, we feel constrained to add that any spasmodic effort to collect money for the purpose at this convention—like "passing the hat around," is not only likely to yield little of the large sum needed, but may also embarrass those who did not come here prepared to contribute generously to wards it. A better way would be to raise the money by systematic work by the Society and its branches as soon as practicable. Of course, if there be any friends present who are able to contribute to the object at once, their aid will be most thankfully received and appreciated.

At the Reading Convention, in 1918, we deemed it prudent to suggest the appointment of a special Committee to consider the advisability and expediency of continuing the existing relations of our Home with the Society. We stated our reasons plainly then and we repeat now that we only sought to know if an improved plan could be found whereby to conduct the business of the Society and the Home either separately or together. The thing that was uppermost in our mind, was to provide, if need be, for the future stability and safety of the Home in case that it should dissolve the Society. There has also been a lot of misunderstanding concerning the relations of the two bodies, especially the financial relations. So an improvement seems desirable to facilitate the business of the two bodies and to bring about a better understanding all around.

The Committee had two years to consider the subject and was due to report at the last convention, held in Philadelphia. We regret to say, however, that no formal report was submitted to the Board of Managers or to the convention. What report was given consisted mainly of offhand statements by the Chairman. As was to be expected, they caused much misunderstanding and unfavorable discussion, and no decision was reached.

This matter is what we referred to in the early part of this address. It will be brought before you, and you can perhaps treat it more intelligently by first reading that part of the printed proceedings that deals with the subject. Let us entreat you to act with deliberation, not haste, in this important matter.

Your President is frank to say that he was disappointed and dissatisfied at the failure of the Committee to submit a formal report instead of statements or opinions. It is contrary to good parliamentary practice to make verbal reports on matters of importance, and members should insist on written reports hereafter.

If you are not satisfied with the form of the report that will be presented to you, or if you do not find it specific enough, you should not take final action upon it. In such case you might discuss it informally for the sake of obtaining direct information, and then have the report referred back for revision, amendment and conclusion. By all means, guard against undue haste.

We would call your attention to a frequent practice of using the title of the Home without authority in connection with schemes for raising money. Announcement is made and tickets for admission make believe that the event is for the benefit of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, when in reality the Home gets but a small percentage of the receipts, the promoters of the schemes retaining the larger percentage. The object of using the Home in such a way is ostensibly to draw sympathy and support to the event. Now, that is certainly not legitimate, and should not be permitted without express authority from the President.

Even a 50-50 division of the net receipts would hardly be fair. It would perhaps be better if the Local Branches also asked for authority to use the title of the Home with their schemes of raising money for it, and thus set the example to others. It is not hard for them to make such application, and it would help the officers of the Society to keep track of them.

Another illegitimate practice which has come to our notice is the soliciting of funds for the Home by unauthorized persons and misusing them. Such persons are liable to prosecution under the laws of the State, and members of the Society should report such persons to the President whenever a case is found. Do not delay to report such a case.

We shall allow the Report of the Board of Managers, in which is included the Treasurer's report and other matter, to speak for itself. It will be submitted to you.

We wish to give notice that when a convention is held at any place, the Committee of Arrangements has full charge of all matters during the time of the Convention, except of such things that the convention itself promotes and orders. By this is meant that permission must be obtained from the Committee for all privileges, including the solicitation of funds and pledges of contributions, and the sale of articles, etc., by visitors, or members of Local Branches of other localities. It would not be right to allow one Local Branch to encroach upon the rights of another to promote their schemes, unless permission is first obtained. Proper regulation of such privileges is necessary in order to preserve and promote harmony in the Society.

In Pittsburgh, fifteen years ago, the President's mantle was placed upon our shoulders by the late Brewster R. Allabough, though we were not present in person and did not solicit it. We have held it longer than any one else now. It is an honor to have held it so long; but we do not wish any one to think that we are keeping back other worthy aspirants from receiving like honor, so we want you to feel free to make a change at your pleasure. We shall be quite contented to return to the ranks, and we hope that our successor will receive the same kind consideration that you have been pleased to give us. We feel very much indebted to Pittsburgh. Thank you all.

In conclusion, let us wish you a very successful, profitable and enjoyable meeting.

Mrs. HARRY LEIBSON, Chairman.  
Committee:

Branches of Maryland.

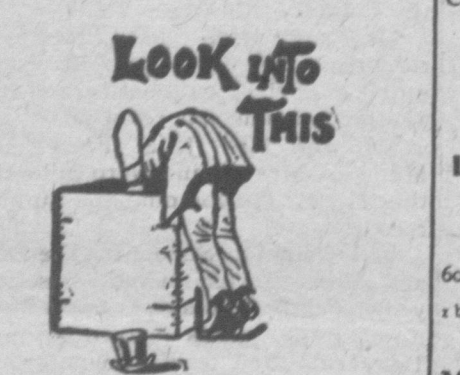
Rev. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary,  
2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.  
First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.  
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.  
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 1:15 P.M.  
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Auto-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.  
Fifth Sunday, Auto-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.  
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.  
Glad and other meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.  
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.  
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.  
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.  
Other Places by Appointment.

Alphabet Athletic Club.

Hey fellows!



Can't see nothing, eh!  
Well, paste this date in your hat and watch this space.

November 2d.

Further particulars later.

RESERVED

FOR

Saturday, Oct. 8, 1921

"THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY"

FOURTEENTH

MASK and CIVIC BALL

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Greater New York Division, No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

—AT—

THE LYCEUM

86th Street and 3d Avenue, New York City

February 4th, 1922

(Particulars Later.)

—AT—

ALLEN HITCHCOCK, Chairman.

Something New and Amusing.

Indoor Field Athletics and Games

under the auspices of

WOMAN'S PARISH AID SOCIETY

FOR THE BUILDING FUND

IN THE GUILD ROOM OF

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street  
NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, Oct. 15th

Entries open to the Girls only.

ADMISSION, 50 CENTS

Hallowe'en Party and Games

under the auspices of the

BROOKLYN GUILD OF DEAF-MUTES

At St. Mark's Chapel  
290 Adelphi Street

Saturday Evening, Oct. 29th,  
AT 8 O'CLOCK

TICKETS, - - - 30 CENTS  
(Including Refreshments)

Mrs. HARRY LEIBSON, Chairman.  
Committee:

LANTERN DANCE

auspices of

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

SOUVENIRS

Saturday Evening, Nov. 26th

at 8 o'clock

ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS

COMING EVENTS:

December 24—Hanukkah Party.  
January 28—11 P.M.  
February 18—11 P.M.

Come All Fun for All Fine Prizes

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

under auspices of the

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

to be held at

St. Mark's Parish House

606 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

block from Broadway and Myrtle Ave., "L" Train

Monday Eve, November 7, 1921.

Admission 35c Including Refreshments

MR. J. H. BREEDEN, Chairman

Mr. E. Berg Mr. J. Heil  
Miss C. Hagermann Miss C. Christgau  
Miss I. Ruge Miss E. Merkel

Phone 496 Chelsea Res. Phone 946 Orchard

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Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf  
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12 years Correspondent of

LEE, HIGGINSON AND COMPANY

Established 1843  
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Woman's Parish Aid Society

—AT—

ST. ANN'S CHURCH FOR DEAF-MUTES

511 West 148th Street

November 17, 18 and 19, 1921

MRS. CHAS. A. BOTHNER, Committee of the Fair.

ANNUAL

Prize Masquerade Ball

—GIVEN BY—

DETROIT DIVISION, No 2

N. F. S. D.

Saturday, November 19, 1921

—AT—

CONCORDIA HALL, 8th Floor, Temple Building

21 MONROE AVENUE

Detroit, Mich.

ADMISSION, - - - 50 CENTS

COMMITTEE

IVAN HEYMANSON, Chairman

C. BARNETT T. R. LEACH W. M. RHEINER  
CAMIE SADOVSKY S. A. GOTH J. D. ULRICH  
A. MECK R. STARK J. E. CROUCH

Prizes to winners of Dancing Contest, also for Original, Handsome and Comic Costumes.

MASQUERADE BALL

Newark Division, No. 42, N. F. S. D.

—AT—

MASONIC TEMPLE

835 Bergen Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

—ON—

Saturday Evening, November 26, 1921

MUSIC BY MRS. BEGGS' BAND.

TICKETS, - (including War Tax) - 55 CENTS

DANCING CONTEST—1st, \$7.50 to gentleman and \$7.50 to lady partner; 2d, \$1.50 to gentleman and \$1.50 to lady partner.

PRIZES FOR COSTUMES—MALE: 1st, \$10; 2d, \$5; 3d, \$3.50; 4th, \$1. FEMALE: 1st, \$10; 2d, \$5; 3d, \$3.50; 4th, \$1.

COMMITTEE:

ALFRED W. SHAW, Chairman  
CHARLES JELNICK CHARLES DIRKES  
LOUIS PUGLIESE GEORGE C. BREDE  
EDWARD BRADLEY JOHN GARLAND

HOW TO REACH TEMPLE—From Newark and New York take Hudson & Manhattan Tube to Summit Ave. use Station, Jersey City, then walk five blocks from 8th Avenue to Bergen Avenue. Fr m Hoboken take Jackson Trolley Car with sign in front reading "Greenview," or "Stevens Avenue." Get off at the Temple. Cars pass the door.

Volta Through  
1001—35th St.

FACH STUDIO

111 Broadway, N. Y.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO OUR  
DEAF FRIENDS AND  
THEIR FAMILY  
CONNECTIONS

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OF QUALITY AT  
MODERATE PRICES

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Life Insurance in this Company, as a rule, costs you nothing. Looking back after 10 or 15 years have gone by, you know that if you had not saved that money for your annual premium, you would not have saved it at all!

The New England Mutual (Oldest Chartered Life Insurance Company in U.S.) offers you the most liberal policy contract possible.

No discrimination against deaf-mutes. No charge for medical examination.

You gain nothing by delay. For full information and latest list of policyholders, address—

Marcus L. Kenner

Eastern Special Agent

200 West 111th St., New York

Greater New York Branch  
OF THE  
National Association of  
the Deaf.

Organized to co-operate with the National Association in the furtherance of its stated objects. Initiation fee, \$1.30. Annual dues, \$1.00. Officers: Marcus L. Kenner, President, 40 West 115 Street; John H. Kent, Secretary, 511 West 148th Street; Samuel Frankenheim, Treasurer, 18 West 107th Street.

Many Reasons Why  
You Should Be a Frat

Greater New York Division, No. 23, N. F. S. D. meets at Concordia Hall, 21 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of life insurance and sick benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officer: Dennis H. Hiley, Secretary, 1590 Avenue A, New York City, or Alex L. Poch, Grand Vice-President 4th 1st bet, 111 Broadway, New York.

The N. F. S. D. meets on third Wednesday of each month, at 255 Mulford Street, near Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

Deaf-Mutes' Union  
League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, recreative and intellectual advancement of its members. Initiated meetings are held on the third Thursdays of every month at 8:15 P.M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday, at 2:00 P.M. and 8:00 P.M., and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. Anthony Capelle, President; Jack Seltzer, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

VISITORS

IN  
CHICAGO

are cordially invited to visit Chicago's Premier Club

The PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.

Entire 4th floor  
61 West Monroe Street

Business Meetings.....First Saturdays  
Literary Meetings.....Last Saturdays

Club rooms open every day

Join the N. A. D. Boost a good cause!

First Congregational Church

Ninth and Hope, Los Angeles, Cal.

Deaf-mute service, 3 P.M., under the leadership of Mr. J. A. Kennedy. Visiting muters are welcome.

RESERVED FOR

N. Y. O. W. L. S.

Saturday, Nov. 12, 1921

RESERVED

FOR

JANUARY 14, 1922